Summary:

Brian Warner is a young journalist and artist. He meet with Trent Reznor during interview. The interview felt different. Intelligent questions, attraction, then invitation for dinner.

The stale air of the press room usually clung to Trent like a shroud of boredom, a necessary evil he endured for the sake of his art reaching more ears. Today, though, there was a flicker of something... different. The journalist sent by some obscure alt-weekly was late, and Trent found himself drumming his fingers impatiently on the table, the rhythmic tap-tap-tap a low hum beneath the buzzing fluorescent lights.

Then the door opened, and a whirlwind of dark energy, sharp angles,.

“Mr. Reznor? My apologies. Traffic was a bitch.”

Brian Warner. Trent had seen the name on the schedule. Twenty-four, fresh out of some art school, now trying his hand at journalism. He looked... unexpectedly striking. Not in the polished, industry-approved way, but in a raw, almost feral manner. His black hair was a controlled chaos, framing a face that held a captivating blend of boyish charm and cynical wisdom. And those eyes – a startling, intense hazel almost black that seemed to take everything in at once.

“Trent is fine,” Trent corrected, a faint smile playing on his lips, a rare concession he usually didn’t make for journalists. He found himself studying the man across from him, noticing the fine lines of ink tracing patterns along his fingers and wrist. Not just simple tattoos, but intricate, almost tribal-like designs that spoke of a deliberate aesthetic.

Brian settled into the chair opposite, pulling out a small notebook and a pen. His movements were fluid, confident. “Brian Warner. Pleasure to meet you, Trent.” He leaned forward slightly, and Trent caught a glimpse of more ink, disappearing under the sleeve of his dark shirt. “I’ve been looking forward to this. Your music… it’s a conversation I’ve been wanting to have for a while.”

Trent felt an unfamiliar prickle of curiosity. Most journalists started with boilerplate questions about album sales, equipment, tour dates. Brian’s gaze, however, was piercing, as if he was already dissecting Trent’s soul. “Oh?”

“Oh, indeed,” Brian replied, a slow, teasing smile spreading across his face. “Head Like a Hole, Sin, Ringfinger… they’re not just songs, are they? They’re manifestos. Declarations of war against the mundane, against imposed morality.” He paused, his eyes locking with Trent’s. “You sing about desire, about lust, about anger and the search for something more. You peel back the layers of polite society to show the raw, pulsing heart underneath. What drives that, Trent? Is it a search for God, or a rebellion against Him?”

Trent felt a jolt. This wasn’t a typical interview. This was a challenge. He found himself leaning forward too, his usual guardedness dissolving under Brian’s intense scrutiny. “Both, perhaps,” he mused, his voice a low rumble. “Or neither. Maybe it’s just the human condition, stripped bare. The constant push and pull between what we’re told to be and what we truly are.”

As they spoke, their knees accidentally brushed under the table. Neither of them moved. The contact was electric, a small, unspoken current passing between them. Trent felt a strange warmth spread through him, a sensation he hadn’t anticipated. Brian didn’t flinch, his eyes remaining locked on Trent’s, the intensity never wavering. His eyes wander from his eyes, lock on his mouth, then hands and back.

The half-hour Trent had allotted stretched into an hour, then two. Brian’s questions were intelligent, probing, laced with a poetic sensibility that Trent found surprisingly captivating. They talked about the nature of power, the seduction of control, the inherent sinfulness of existence, and the desperate yearning for connection in a world designed to isolate. Brian quoted philosophers Trent admired, and Trent found himself revealing more than he ever intended to a journalist.

“So, you think we’re all just… chasing our own demons, hoping to find a moment of peace?” Brian asked, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

Trent met his gaze, a slight tremor running through him. “Peace, or perhaps a moment of absolute, unadulterated sensation. To feel something so intensely that everything else fades away.”

Brian’s smile widened, a glint in his eye. “I think I understand that. Completely.” He closed his notebook, but made no move to leave. “You know, we can talk more during dinner. I make a mean lasagna. And my chocolate cake… it’s legendary. My grandma recipes. If you are not busy tonight?"

Trent blinked, thrown by the sudden shift, yet intrigued. “Is that an invitation, Mr. Warner?”

“Brian,” he corrected softly, his knee brushing Trent’s again, a deliberate, lingering touch this time. “And yes, Trent. It absolutely is.”

Trent found himself nodding, a strange pull in his gut. “Just gimme a moment. I need to talk with my manager to reschedule a few things. Probably he would be pissed off, but… lasagna and chocolate cake. Well I’m… curious.”

Brian’s grin was almost predatory. “Good. Curiosity, I’ve found, is often the first step towards something far more interesting.”

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Brian Warner POV

I watched Trent’s retreating back as he left the studio, a ghost of a smile on my face. Curious. He was definitely curious. And I, Brian Warner, was about to satisfy that curiosity in more ways than one. The interview had been a revelation. Trent Reznor wasn’t just a rock star; he was a coiled spring of intellect and raw emotion, hidden behind a veneer of cool detachment. And those eyes – hazel-green with flecks of amber, they were constantly searching, assessing, revealing more than he probably intended. The freckles dusting his nose and cheeks, the way his black hair fell around his shoulders… The way he talked and moved his hands with the important words. His hands were pretty. Long fingers… Damn he was a beautiful contradiction.

I’d felt the spark under the table, the electric current when our knees met. And he hadn’t moved. That was all the invitation I needed.

Back in my apartment, the scent of baking lasagna filled the air, mingling with the rich aroma of chocolate cake. I’d spent the afternoon meticulously preparing everything, a nervous energy thrumming beneath my skin. I wanted this to be perfect.

The doorbell rang precisely at eight. I took a deep breath, smoothing down my shirt. When I opened the door, Trent stood there, looking a little less guarded than he had at the studio. He wore a black, slightly rumpled shirt that somehow made him even more appealing.

“Hey,” I said, trying to sound casual, but my heart was doing a frantic drum solo.

“Hey yourself,” Trent replied, his eyes sweeping over my apartment, taking in the stacks of books, the canvases leaning against walls, the faint scent of turpentine. “This is… different.”

“My sanctuary,” I offered, stepping aside to let him in. “Come on. Dinner’s ready.”

He followed me to the small dining area, his gaze lingering on a large, unfinished painting on an easel. It was a chaotic swirl of dark colors, punctuated by stark white lines, depicting what looked like a tormented figure reaching for something just out of grasp.

“You painted that?” he asked, his voice soft, almost reverent.

“One of many,” I admitted, feeling a flush of pride. “I usually work on them after I’ve finished my journalism for the day. A different kind of release.”

We sat down, and I served him a generous portion of lasagna. He took a bite, and his eyes widened. “Oh my God,” he murmured, his voice laced with genuine surprise. “This is… incredible. Seriously, Brian.”

I watched him, a thrill shooting through me. “Told you it was good.”

We talked over dinner, about art, about music, about the absurdity of fame and the search for authenticity. He was even more articulate, more passionate, now that the formal interview setting was gone. His shoulders seemed more relaxed. I loved the way his lips moved when he spoke, the subtle gestures of his hands. Pretty hands, long fingers, smooth skin. I loved the way his eyes lit up when he discussed a topic he was passionate about.

When it came to dessert, I placed a slice of the rich, dark chocolate cake in front of him. He took a forkful, his eyes closing in pure bliss. “Brian, you’re a wizard,” he practically purred, licking a smear of chocolate from his bottom lip.

My breath hitched. That simple, innocent gesture sent a jolt of pure desire through me. I swallowed hard, trying to regain my composure, but it was a losing battle. The way his tongue swept across his lip, the soft sound he made… It sounded not like a gasp, rather like a moan. It was intoxicating.

“I… I have some more work, if you want to see it,” I offered, my voice a little rougher than I intended.

He nodded eagerly. “I’d love to.”

We moved to my studio space, a corner of the living room cluttered with paints, brushes, and stacks of drawings. I showed him sketches, abstract pieces, and some of my more figurative work. He absorbed it all, asking insightful questions, his fingers tracing the lines on the canvases.

“These lines,” he said, his voice dropping, his finger lightly touching the intricate tattoo on my wrist, the same pattern that had caught his eye earlier. “Do they mean something?”

“Everything means something,” I replied, my voice low, my eyes locked on his. His touch on my skin was like a brand.

He looked up at me, his hazel-green eyes wide and full of a burning curiosity that mirrored my own. “And where do they end?” he asked, his voice barely a whisper, his gaze drifting from my wrist, up my arm, hinting at the lines that disappeared under my shirt.

A slow smile spread across my face. “You’ll have to find out, won’t you?”

The air crackled between us, thick with unspoken desire. Trent’s eyes were fixed on mine, his lips slightly parted. I could see the battle in his gaze, the careful control he usually maintained warring with a raw, undeniable craving. He is not used to this. To lose it completely.

I took a step closer, then another, until I was standing directly in front of him. His scent, a subtle mix of his cologne and something uniquely Trent, filled my senses. My hand reached out, cupping his jaw, my thumb stroking the soft skin just beneath his ear.

“Trent,” I murmured, my voice husky.

He shivered, his eyes fluttering closed for a moment. “Brian…” His voice was a breathy sound, a soft plea.

I leaned down, my lips hovering inches from his. “Tell me to stop,” I whispered, my gaze dropping to his mouth, then back to his eyes. “And I will.”

He didn’t answer with words. Instead, he leaned into my touch, his head tilting, his lips parting further, an unspoken invitation.

I closed the distance, my mouth capturing his. It was a soft, tentative kiss at first, a question and an answer. Then, as his lips parted further, a deeper hunger ignited. His hands found my waist, clutching at my shirt, and I felt him tremble against me. The kiss deepened, becoming more urgent, more demanding. His tongue met mine, a dance of pure sensation, and I groaned into his mouth. I can hear his suppressed moan into my lips.

This was it. This was the moment I’d been waiting for.

I broke the kiss, just enough to murmur against his lips, “I want you, Trent.”

“I want you too,” he gasped, his eyes still closed, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

Without another word, I slid my hands under his thighs, lifting him effortlessly into my arms. He let out a surprised gasp, his legs instinctively wrapping around my waist, his head falling against my shoulder. He felt lighter than I expected, but incredibly solid, his body fitting perfectly against mine.

“Brian!” - he gasped.

“I've got you!” - I murmured into his ear, when he clenched tighter to my shoulders.

I started walking towards the bedroom.

He buried his face in my neck, his hot breath ghosting against my skin, sending shivers down my spine. I could feel the weight of his body pressed against mine, the tremor that ran through him. As I carried him, my eyes fell on my arms, the muscles taut, the tattoos swirling around my biceps and shoulders. I knew he was watching them, fascinated.

I gently lowered him onto the bed, his body sinking into the mattress. He looked up at me, eyes wide and glossy with desire, his dark hair fanned out around his head. He was breathtaking.

I leaned over him, my gaze sweeping over his face, lingering on his freckles, then moving down to his lips, swollen and red from our kisses.

“God, you’re so beautiful,” I whispered, my voice thick with emotion. I reached for the hem of his shirt, slowly pulling it up and over his head. His chest was pale, full of freckles, and I could feel the rapid thump of his heart beneath my fingertips.

“Stardust…”, I whispered, brushing a few freckles just under his collarbone. “You've got freckles. They look like a constellations. So cute.”

My own shirt came next, and as I shed it, Trent’s eyes widened, following the intricate black lines of my tattoos. They started on my fingers, winding their way up my arms, over my shoulders, across my chest, and disappearing tantalizingly under the waistband of my jeans.

“You… you did those yourself?” he breathed, his voice a husky whisper, his eyes fixed on my skin.

I nodded, my chest expanding with pride, and something else – a raw desire to show him everything. “Yeah. I wanted to feel something… more.”

I noticed how his gaze changed under the weight of my words. He reached out, his fingers tracing a line on my shoulder, a light, almost reverent touch. “It must have hurt.”

“Yeah. That was the main reason.” I admitted, leaning down to press a soft kiss to his temple. “But some pain is necessary for discovery, isn’t it?”

I leaned back, my eyes devouring him. He lay there, his chest rising and falling rapidly, his gaze fixed on my body, on the ink that stretched across my skin. He was mesmerized.

Then, slowly, deliberately, I unzipped my jeans. His eyes followed the movement, his breath catching in his throat as I peeled them away, along with my underwear. My erection sprang free, hard and eager.

Trent gasped, his eyes wide with a mixture of awe and pure lust. He was seeing me, truly seeing me, and the raw desire in his gaze was a pure aphrodisiac.

I climbed onto the bed, hovering over him, my body a warm weight against his. “God, you are so beautiful,” I whispered, my voice rough with need. “I want you so much.” I kissed him hard, my mouth devouring his, my tongue plunging deep, tasting him, claiming him.

“Fuck,” I groaned against his lips. “I wanna taste you.” My hand moved down, finding his erection, trapped in jeans. He was so hard for me. I kissed his neck, biting his skin, feeling his quickened pulse under my tongue. He whimpered. I lick his nipples, lost my gaze at his freckles across his chest, then getting lower and lower on his skin. I put my tongue inside his belly button, he moaned quietly. I stopped near the waistband of his black jeans. Trent looked at me, his gaze unfocused, full of desire, almost black in dim light. He just nodded slowly, when I unbuttoned his jeans and took off his clothes. He was finally fully naked in front of me. His dick was a nice size, hard for me with a leaking precum. “You’re so hard and ready for me, Stardust.” The nickname slipped out, a soft endearment, fit him too perfectly.

I pulled back slightly, just enough to look into his eyes. He was panting, his hips already beginning to twitch restless.